

CONFERENCE POINTERS



Hill Top Echoes Edition

No. 1



WIGEOPPO'S PLEDGE.

We will call and we will plead;
We will lift and we will lead;
We will fight and we will strive;
We will pray and keep alive;
'Till we've shown the Jesus way
To the young folks of today.

AUGUST 10, 1920

*To Sheboygo who has given us
the finishing touches on our lead-
ership training and whom we love
as our new mentor, our counsellor
and friend, we dedicate this Wig-
eopo issue of Hilltop Echoes.*



Conference Pointers

*Camp of the
4-Fold Life*

Lake Breeze—
Hill Top Echoes

*Camp of the
100 Fires*

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WIGEPO CLASS

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No. 5

WI-GEO-PO—BROTHERHOOD.

The Wigeopo Class started in the year of 1918 when our nation was in the greatest war the world has ever known. At this time, people were thinking in war terms, and the nations allied on the side of righteousness and justice. This was especially true when our class selected a name. The name "Wigeopo" is taken from the three great rulers—Wilson, Lloyd George and Poincare, representing the united efforts of the war—and just as we were united in the war, so is our class with representatives from the different states and the provinces of North America united in living the Jesus Way.

Through the influence of the camp life, here on the hilltop, we have received a vision of all girls in God's one big family, and in this family we have a longing to share the good times and teachings of the camp. So the war meaning of our name does not mean so much to us now, but it has a broader meaning and that is brotherhood. We are interested in the girls all over the world and many Wigeopo girls are planning to go to the various parts of the world to teach the Four-Fold Life. We have learned to live four square, and the world is calling for us, and in answer to the call, Johnnie will go to South America, Saxie to Japan, Shelly to India and many others to Mexico, and they in return will bring girls from all parts of the world to the Camp of a Hundred Fires.

THE LIGHT OF COMRADESHIP.

Last year, the Comrades Class instituted a new tradition in the Camp of a Hundred Fires. On their class night, as they stood side by side in that spirit of comradeship which did not end at the close of the two weeks, but which will live on forever, the light of that spirit of fellowship was passed on to the Wigeopos. All this year, the Wigeopos have guarded that light; like the virgins of old they have kept it burning, not in material lamps, but deep in their hearts on the candle sticks of their souls. It is the light of courage, love, truth and beauty made bright by the flame of service.

It has warmth to enter all the lives it touches, light to radiate cheer and brightness wherever it is shown, and it has the burning power to bring out the best in every life where it is found.

This is the spirit of the Light of Comradeship, and this year, the Wigeopos are passing it on to the Guardians to watch over it and then to pass it on and on until its light shall shine in the lives of thousands of comrades who know of the Jesus way of living.

As a famous dramatist, Hazel Gib's son is a dream. It is so queer, too, for her husband is a foreign missionary.

A hitching post or a telegraph post—it's all the same, for that's her name. Myrle might make a good "Saturday Evening Post" to lean up against!

A Wigeopo's Dream

A WAY back in her home town, Wigeopo lay sleeping, but not peacefully, for soon she began to mutter, to toss, to roll, and sometimes she laughed. Soon stealing in at the door came a great Question Mark who stood beside the cot of the girl and in sonorous tones asked, "How old are you? What do you do for a living? What books have you read? What athletics do you indulge in?"

The girl groaned, turned over and the spirit faded only to be succeeded by a fat, jolly spirit who had queer signs and paintings all over the front of her dress. This spirit chuckled, laughed and told stories—stories of games, of receptions, of plays. Wigeopo laughed, and quickly the spirit disappeared, and for a while the girl slept quietly. Soon a very plutocratic spirit came waddling in, coins jingled, bank notes rustled. This spirit was followed by another spirit who carried glistening white stone. Before the spirit could begin to talk, a small spirit carrying a long bar set with two blue stones and one large white shining one came in puffing and panting:

"Oh, I have had such an experience; I was lost. I don't know why I wasn't put in here in the first place. I thought I was going to miss all the fun."

"Oh, Grace's bar pin," said Wigeopo, and the vision faded, only to be followed by a small spirit who bobbed about and at intervals all through the rest of the time opened his mouth "Oh" or "Ah."

"The Spirit of Tom, I declare," said Wigeopo.

The vision changed, and a tall spirit,

with her feet in the water and a board balanced on her head, came in and stood beside the girl.

"I am the Spirit of the Dock. Many strange and queer things do I see, but the strangest of all is the morning dip."

Wigeopo turned, rolled partly out of bed, then muttered, "O, I thought I heard the bell," and fell asleep.

This time, a whole troop of spirits came in with different colored head bands. These spirits shouted, yelled, and waved their arms. Soon a whistle sounded; the spirits quieted and sat in a circle, and a spirit who had taken no part in the uproar called on them one by one to do a stunt. All the spirits seemed to love and reverence this one.

Again the scene was different: A big fat, rolly spirit covered with khaki came in.

"I am the spirit of the Hill. I stand in the middle of the grounds, and no matter where a person wants to go, they must climb me. Sometimes, they are in a hurry, and they stumble, fall, and even roll all the way down the hill.

Wigeopo groaned, rubbed her knee tenderly, and the spirit was gone. She was followed by another one who groaned, wrung her hands, and uttered mournful sounds.

"I am deserted; my popularity is gone. I used to have the post office associated with me, and then how the girls crowded into me; my swings were full all the time, but now the only thing that consoles me is the fact that the 'Help' use my swings."

She departed still groaning, and in



danced another spirit covered with post cards, letters, newspapers.

"My popularity is not gone. At all hours of the day, the girls seek me demanding letters, stamps, etc. I'll always be popular as long as camp lasts," and she departed singing.

This time the dream was different. Two spirits were standing behind a counter getting pop, peanuts, popcorn, watermelon, chocolates, and ice cream ready for the annual stampede when the Geneva girls come. This vision faded, and was succeeded by the Spirit of the Fountain who told many stories—of the mighty line-up—of refusing to work and then suddenly squirting up into the face of some girl.

Wigeopo coughed, spluttered, and wiped her face and when she had finished, the spirit was changed. This time the spirit carried a note book and rushed madly to and fro—now into the dining room, now into the chapel, where she took notes, now into the post office, and now she dropped her note book, got a bat, and played ball.

"The Hill-Top," said Wigeopo. The spirit vanished and Wigeopo awoke.

FOLKS WE MISS.

DADDY WAITE, Mrs. Waite and all the little Waites leave a big space to be filled at camp. Mr. Waite will direct the camp at Lake Winnebepesaukee this year.

Mary Schroeder and Edna Nichols will also be at Winnebepesaukee.

Mr. Kendrick, Campercraft instructor of last year, is at the school of agriculture, Morgantown, W. Va.

Elsie Margaret Brownie Clark Cockerell is "at home" at Alton, Ill. We all miss her.

Helen Rosebrough, another grade leader, is a councilor at a camp in Michigan.

Mrs. Preston Wadjepi Orwig is busy at home entertaining David and little Jimmy.

Mr. Brooks and Professor Honline are instructors at the training camp now in session at Winnebepesaukee.

Helen Moffat (with the thousand little devils behind each eye) is also signed up for life partnership. Camp would have made a wonderful place for a honeymoon!

Mary never appeared so vicious while at camp, but it appears now that Mary Nes bit her little toe off and "threw it out of the window."



WHEN we speak of Mother Bryner, all those who know her have a pleasing picture of a kindly, smiling-eyed "mother" always ready with a cheery greeting.

Mother Bryner is kept from being with us this year, because she is nursing her sister who is perilously ill. Our hearts go out to her in this trying time and we pray that her heart be comforted and her hand strengthened during these days filled with such loving service.

PERSONAL.

Anna is a necessity to all first class automobiles. We're sure her gears are all o. k.

Beatrice has a new position with the Bird Specialty Co. It is caring for the purple martins.

Helen is head manager of the Meyers' High Class Jewish shop.

Even though Scottie is a Peg, yet she never hobbles—she just jumps.

Ryntha always loved the sea-shore because it is so Shelly.

Jean has a garden, a real old-fashioned garden. It is a beautiful sight when Jean glides here and there among the sweet Williams.

Wadjepi wears special ears within his ears when he goes swimming so he can hear the fishes talk.

HOW! HOW!

THE stunts of Council Circle brought forth real talent, and few professionals could display such originality. Not a handkerchief was dry when Walter Moore and Clarence Wright finished their most touching farewell. More than that, there was not a girl there who did not long to comfort them in some way. At the same time, all eyes were opened wide in wonderment that men of such marked musical ability should have missed their calling so sadly.

Dot Raymond played havoc with the hearts of the men of the jury with a most effective "presentation" of "Peter's Pink Pettie." How readily we agree with her that one more "pettie," the gift of another "friend," added to her already goodly stock of fifteen will make it impossible for her to get through the door.

Had General Foch only known that America had a force that would send a French "75" even farther than its powder content, Saxie would have been that great leader's right-hand-man. With only her head and shoulders on the ground, and the rest of her anatomy at right angles thereto, Saxie proved conclusively the staying power of her wind in a warbling rendition, and those of vision saw there the possibility of even a greater force that could have blown a "75" from Paris right straight to the Imperial Palace in Berlin.

The strong man in the circus would be



Kinji

a weakling compared with Leone Meyers of diaphragm fame. Leone's invitation to come "one, but not all" and take a diaphragm ride was accepted by some eight girls and bouncing Jimmy Rogers, and then—Mrs. Alexander took advantage of this variety of riding, surpassed only by the aeroplane for thrills.

Wadjepi struck terror to our hearts lest the mesmeric stupor should forever mar the life of our young and promising Ohio Secretary. Very reluctantly did Wadjepi consent to exert his peculiar power over Walter Moore, who, once in his power, proceeded around the Council Circle by occasional windings, as only a mechanical man could. Indeed, Thurston himself could not hope to gain fame with Wadjepi in that field.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE UNION JACK!

TO ALL the girls from across the border, our live, strong, Four-Fold Ontario girls, we wish to express our appreciation for their gift, the new Canadian flag which will be used on the steel flag pole.

The Ontario delegation purchased and brought to camp the flag which was dedicated Sunday morning, August 1.

We are proud to have the large Canadian flag floating with our Stars and Stripes over our International Camp at Conference Point. The flag that means so much to our Canadian sisters likewise means much to us.

Through our friendship with the Canadian campers, we have learned to know what fine outstanding girls Canada can produce. Because we think so much of our Canadian friends, we have honor for their flag. Because of our Mother-country, England, and all that she has meant to the United States, we honor the Union Jack.

Kinji Agrees!

A Chicago business employer, in choosing his girls, figures that the size of the "cutie garages" is inversely proportional to the size of the brain!

"Say, Mildred, do you know why old maids never go to the United Presbyterian Church?"

"No, why?"

"Because there are no hymns there and there aren't enough Psalms (a la mode) to go around."

CHIPS FROM THE POINT.

Kinji (to a "Cow's Tail"): "You Freshmen, hurry up that hill. You're late to breakfast again."

Freshmen: "Yes Kinji, we overwashed ourselves."

One of the Freshmen saw a picture of Elijah going to Heaven in a chariot. Noticing a halo around his head, she exclaimed: "Oh, look! He's carrying an extra tire."

Only a deaf and dumb couple can be said to be unspeakably happy.

We've been wondering where Kinji's bird and rock are this year.

Johnnie: "Gee, I'm tough!"

Saxie: "How's that?"

Johnnie: "I eat rock candy and brick ice cream."

We wonder if Wadjepi will have to join the "Order of Asia" after all that pie.

PLAY BALL.

IS CAMP perfect?

Immediately you hear a chorus of "Yes." The Wigeopos thought so once, but then, you know, those Wigeopos don't go around with their eyes closed, so they began to look around. They said there were some peachy tennis players here; why not provide a tennis court on which they might display their skill?

So it has been decided that the Wigeopos will present a tennis court in the field behind the sunken gardens, to be built next to the one presented by the Allies Class.

"A 500 WORD ESSAY ON THE WILD LIFE AT CONFERENCE POINT."

Fifty hugs and fifty kisses,

Right on top of some one's nose!

Fifty birds and trees and flowers

Where the sunken garden grows!

Two hundred fifty hungry campers

Yell at meals with all their might!

All the rest are "Oh's" and "Ah's"

When "Tom's" spirit comes in sight
(in the Piffle House).

Kinji likes to play checkers so well he carries his checker board around with him on his socks—or is it left over from his circus days?

"LEADERSHIP PRACTICE."

THE Industrial Playground Association was organized Wednesday, July 29, in Hamill Hall, Point City, Wisconsin. The purpose of this federation is to provide for the establishment and supervision of a playground on the corner of 31st Ave. N. and Broadway, for the benefit of the working children in the mill and other children of the community.

The president of this new, worthy federation is Mrs. A. Geary and the other officers are as follows: Secretary, Miss Gladys Webber; Treasurer, Mrs. Sax E. Palmer; Chairman of Equipment, Mrs. M. Foster; Chairman of Ways and Means, Mrs. John E. Johnson; Chairman of Playground Supervision, Mrs. Wm. Herrmann; Chairman of Publicity, Mrs. E. Hartmann.

The membership of the organization includes 250 of the interested women of Point City. Over \$2,500 has been received through dues and donations by Mr. Henry Ford and other business men of the city.

Tennis courts, swings, slides, and an athletic field will be part of the equipment, and if a suitable supervisor can be found, the playground will be open the year round with skating rinks in the winter.

At a special meeting of the organization on Friday, July 31, Miss Gladys M. Wise, Supervisor of Parks and Playgrounds in Chiyorkco, addressed the assembly on the proper method of organizing and supervising playgrounds.

Great interest is being shown in this new movement and anyone who would like to help in this beneficent cause may send in subscriptions through Hill Top Echoes.



